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## America

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where by fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride  
From ev'ry mountain side  
Let Freedom ring.

My native country thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet Freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

Our Fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright,  
With Freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

## Doxology

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host —  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

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